

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, January 12, 1811.

[NO. 12.]

ALBERT AND EMMA.

(An Interesting Tale.)

Continued.

The enraged baron, in the first emotions of his resentment, had been induced to banish from his presence, the woman, who had presumed to despise his offers, and reject his love. A momentary hatred took possession of his mind, but it soon gave place to softer sentiments;—her beauty, the simple elegance of her form, her unstudied graces, and even the innocence which he meditated to destroy, returned to his imagination, and disappointed passion once more raged with greater violence than ever. In the first transports of his anger, he had commanded Du Val to dismiss Bernard with contempt, as an object beneath his future notice; he now summoned again into his presence this trusty messenger, this confidential friend of all his vices. The wily minion soon pacified the peturbed

spirit of his lord, with that subtle flattery, which he well knew how to administer; he artfully and respectfully ventured to blame the baron, for setting at liberty the prey which he had once secured in his net, and advised him to avail himself of the power, that his rank gave him over his dependents, and to take by force the object of his wishes from the cottage of her father; such a method he doubted not would ensure his victory over her stubborn virtue, which probably might be affected only to enhance her consequence; or which would certainly yield, when fears for the safety of her father should be roused, on her separation from him. This point settled, Du Val obtained the thanks of the baron for his friendly counsels, and the promise of a large gratuity to recompence his services, when by his assistance Emma should be inclosed once more within the castle walls.

When Bernard had received

from his daughter a minute detail of her late visit, although he rejoiced at her present escape, he foresaw her future danger, and trembled at the fatal consequence which might yet ensue. He knew Morenzi to be devoid of every principle of honour and humanity : he dreaded the influence of his power, and felt his own defenceless situation, which he feared would not enable him to protect his devoted child from arbitrary force and lawless violence. After revolving in his mind every possible circumstance, he had worked up his apprehensions to such a height, as to decide suddenly that an immediate flight could afford the only means of security from an enemy so formidable. The castle of Brinon was the sole asylum which he could fix on as eligible ; there a sister of his late wife had lived for many years superintendant of the family ; and here he hoped he might be permitted to conceal his daughter without danger of discovery ; it was distant from Bernard's village about twenty miles, and he hoped that they should be able to reach it in a couple of days. He proposed the scheme to Emma, who readily undertook a journey, which would remove her be-

yond the power of the dreaded Morenzi. They had no time to lose, and, therefore, without further deliberation, began the preparation necessary for an expedition so important to their security. Bernard prudently determined to repose no confidence in any of his neighbours : although he knew himself to be beloved by them sufficiently to secure their secrecy, yet he was unwilling to expose them to the baron's resentment, by entrusting them with the secret of his journey. Bernard took with him his little store, the honest earnings of industrious years : Emma made up a small parcel of linen ; and neither of them being inclined to repose, they sat down to a simple meal, of which for the sake of each other, although devoid of appetite, they mutually forced themselves to partake, that they might the better be enabled to encounter the fatigues which they had to undergo.

The village clock struck eleven, the hour when they had agreed to begin their journey. Emma took a mournful survey of the beloved cottage, where she had passed her life of innocence ; she cast her eyes upon her spinning wheel and sighed ; then turning to a wicker arm

ed chair which was the constant seat of her father, she sunk into it, and burst into tears. 'Alas,' said she, 'I had hoped for happy years to come, to watch here the calm repose of him, who gave me being; to tend with dutiful affection his declining age, who reared my infancy with anxious love; I, who would wish to be his dearest companion, am doomed to bring sorrow on his silver head!' 'Rather,' replied Bernard, extending his hand to lead her from a spot where fond remembrance seemed to arrest her lingering steps, say that my Emma was born to bless her father by her exemplary virtues. I triumph in my child, who nobly prefers honourable indigence to splendid infamy! Let us hasten from impending persecution; let us quit a place, where every moment endangers your liberty and innocence,' Emma started up, cast a fearful look around, and encircling her arm in that of Bernard, they quitted the cottage, passed through the sleeping hamlet, and reached the road, which led to their destined asylum. The moon shone in pensive majesty,—all was still,—the gentle breeze of night wafted refreshing odours, and solemn silence reigned,—save the soft notes

of warbling nightingales, chanting their tuneful song, among the fragrant hedges, or perchance the distant bleating of some wakeful lamb. Emma's delicate frame felt sometimes rather exhausted, and obliged her to rest for a few moments; but her fears did not permit her to indulge long in a repose, which endangered her safety. Bernard comforted her by the assurance, that they approached a village, where there was a public inn; in which they might venture to take some refreshment, and where he hoped to procure a chaise, to convey them at an easy distance from the castle of Brinon, and consequently diminish the danger of pursuit.

Thus encouraged, the timid Emma moved onward with renewed courage; and the fugitives reached the inn just as a travelling carriage drove into the court yard; while the landlord and his wife were busily employed in attending to the newly arrived guests, Bernard applied to one of the servants to accommodate him and his daughter with a room, until a chaise could be got ready for their use; his request was granted, and they were shewn into a small apartment that looked into a garden, where

they waited with some impatience the arrival of the carriage, in which they were to pursue their little journey.

Having urged their request to be served with expedition, the landlord entered, and informed them that by sunrise they might depend on a chaise, but that he would not suffer his horses to leave the stables, until they had been sufficiently refreshed to do their duty; observing Emma to cast a disconsolate look upon her father, he said, 'your young companion may be weary, I recommend her to take some rest in a quiet chamber, whither, my wife shall conduct her.' Emma, oppressed by the fatigue, which she had undergone, and finding they had no chance of pursuing their journey for the next two hours, accepted the proposal, and consented to retire into an upper chamber; where reclining upon a bed, just as she was; notwithstanding the agitations of her mind, she sunk into a profound repose.

Let us now quit awhile the virtuous fugitives, to follow Albert into Switzerland. He quitted the village where Emma dwelt, with a heart deeply impressed by the perfections

of a woman, whose noble rejection of his hand, from the most delicate motives, had raised her in his esteem. The count de Bournonville, his father, was a man truly respectable in rank and character; he lived but to promote the happiness of his friends; and had been so uniformly indulgent to the wishes of Albert, that he had every thing to expect from his generosity and kindness. The education of this only surviving son had been cultivated with the utmost attention; he possessed a brilliant genius, a solid understanding, and a heart replete with honour, sensibility and virtue.

The count welcomed his son with those marks of tenderness, which promised every thing to the ardent hopes of Albert. On the evening of his return, impatient to urge a suit, upon the success of which his happiness depended, he requested a private audience of his father, who appointed an interview in his closet, before they should retire to their separate apartments for the night. They met at the stated hour, each bearing testimony in his expressive countenance of the important secret, which oppressed his heart: The youth

ful impetuosity of Albert arrested the count's attention, by an instant confession of his passion, and by his reliance on parental indulgence to crown his wishes ; the count de Bournonville listened without interruption, to the character of Emma, painted with all the ardent enthusiasm of love in the glowing colours of perfection. Albert ceased :—the pause of a moment succeeded ;—when his father, looking stedfastly upon him, thus replied, 'Ever ready to promote your felicity, I shall not attempt to reason you out of an attachment, which you describe so worthy of your choice, in every thing but birth and fortune. You are undoubtedly the safest judge in a point of such consequence as an union for life ; but a subject of still more *present* importance *now* demands your attention. You must in future decide your own destiny ;—I no longer can claim from you the duty, *obedience* — You are the child alone of *my adoption*, but the real, the indisputable son of a noble and unfortunate marquis, the heir of a princely fortune, the real Henry de Clairville ! wronged of your natural rights by an usurper ; who doomed you to a death in early infancy, from

which Providence rescued your innocence.'—'And who murdered with barbarian hand, my honoured mother ?' exclaimed Albert, attentive with increasing wonder to the words of the count ; and whose imagination had been wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy at the close of the speech.—'This arm,' continued he, 'shall revenge her sacred blood in that of an assassin !' But suddenly his features softened to a look of grateful tenderness, recollecting himself, and falling at the feet of Bournonville, he thus continued : 'Forgive, oh, *parent* of my *deserted infancy*, the force of nature, that suspended in my breast, the endless debt of gratitude which I owe you : here let my heart ever acknowledge the tribute due to filial love ; while my sword avenges the blood of murdered innocence ; from whose honoured source I drew my own existence. But say, my lord, whence do you derive this strange intelligence ?—

(To be Continued.)



A *singular* person may be compared to a monster—more admired at than esteemed

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

'Fear nothing, my good Father,' said the gentleman whose emotion had betrayed him; 'we are two travellers, whose ardent pursuits, in search of the wonders of Nature, have urged us to explore this subterraneous abode, from whence we should have despaired finding a passage, had not Providence sent you to our assistance. Here are our arms, which we willingly deliver up to you, as a proof of our friendship and good faith.'

'I am happy,' replied the hermit, with a smile expressive of beneficence, 'you have had the good fortune to find me: for it would have been next to an impossibility that you should have found your way out of a labyrinth, whose windings are so intricate.'

As he finished these words, he took the lamp, and leaving the cell, which he closed by an iron door, that the travellers had not at first perceived, put the key in his girdle, and walked before them.

After having proceeded by

a variety of turnings, they arrived at the grotto. The hermit, who had hitherto preserved a profound silence, said, 'I fear, gentlemen, you will never be able, at this time of night, to find your way from so isolated a part of the country. If you are willing to accept a bed at my Convent, which is about a mile from hence, I offer you my hospitality with pleasure, and to-morrow will furnish you with a guide to conduct you.'

The travellers immediately accepted the invitation. Their curiosity had been too much excited by what they had witnessed, for them to resolve upon quitting the hermit without endeavouring to satisfy it.

The night was extremely dark, black clouds floated over the tops of the tall cypress trees, the wind whistled through their agitated leaves, and numerous birds of prey mingled their piercing cries with the murmuring noise of the falling cascades. The faint glimmer of the lamp, whose rays scarce extended beyond the path through which the travellers proceeded, made them more sensibly feel the horrors of the profound obscurity which enveloped them.

‘A dreadful storm is preparing,’ said the hermit: ‘it will soon burst on our heads. We will take a more direct road, in order to arrive the sooner at the Monastery.’

He then hastened towards a path which conducted them behind the grotto; but scarce had they arrived on a platform situated on a level with the rows of cypress, than a flash of lightning darted from the clouds; the thunder rolled, and echo reverberated the awful sounds which struck the ears of the travellers. They increased their pace, the rain began to fall in torrents, when a second flash, more vivid than the first, shed such a light around the scene, that the two Frechmen thought they beheld a mass of stones and ruins headed together, near an immense building which appeared before them.

‘Dare I enquire of you, my father,’ said the youngest of the travellers, ‘what ruins those are which appear before us?’

‘They are,’ replied the hermit, ‘the remains of a part of the Abbey of Benedictines, which you have observed; the wing of which these are the ruins, has not existed these ten years.’

In a short time they gained an avenue planted with poplars, to the right of the ruins, at the end of which they perceived a Gothic building, surmounted with lofty turrets.—The hermit knocked at a massy gate, and, in a few minutes after, the travellers found themselves in the interior of the monastery. The Prior, as well as the Monks, received them with the utmost benevolence; and after a repast, in which nothing that could satisfy the appetite was spared, they were conducted to a commodious apartment to pass the night.

It was seven in the morning when the travellers awoke. The weather appeared gloomy, and the rain still continued.—They rose, and left their apartments, in order to repair to the chamber in which they had supped on the preceding evening. Upon entering it, they perceived one of the order, whose venerable locks inspired respect and veneration.—He was sitting down, and appeared to be reading with attention. When he observed the travellers, he rose up, saluted them with great complacency, and invited them to an adjoining study, where breakfast was prepared.

(To be Continued.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XI.

SATURDAY, Jan. 5, 1811.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia
libant. LUCH. L. 3 v. 11.*

I CANNOT complain in conscience, for the want of correspondents, and am convinced, that the amount of Postage accruing from the letters I have received in my Speculative capacity, during the last month by mail, must have caused some considerable increase in the revenue : and have been particularly beneficial to paper makers, and the venders of ink and quills.—There certainly can be no cause to find fault with the *quantity*, but with regard to the *quality*—that is quite another matter—for really when I come to look over the immense bundles sent to my publisher for insertion, I feel actually astonished, and am inclined to suppose, that the rising generation possess as great a propensity for becoming authors, as those unhappy persons, who are bitten by the *Tarantula*, do for dancing ; neither do I hesitate to say, that if I were to indulge all who apply to me in their whims and vaga-

ries, I should have in the course of twelve months ingredients enough to turn the brain of a Philosopher. The character in which many communications are written is so wretchedly bad, that no man unless he were a *wizard*, or in possession of the Scottish *second sight*, could possibly decipher a line. Others again, are so nonsensically stupid, that it would require the patience of a Socrates, to give them an attentive perusal ; and as for Spelling—good Heaven defend us.—I would counsel all such *gentlemen scribblers*, to lay aside the *pen*, and take up the *scraper* and *brush*, and earn a *genteel* livelihood in the way of cleansing chimnies. While I cannot help feeling irritated at the folly and egotism of a set of blockheads, I must acknowledge much pleasure, from the attention and notice of several gentlemen of allowed talents and respectability.

Mr. Speculator,

In one of your papers sometime since, you gave your readers a treatise upon Coquetry ; I have no objection to the piece, yet I think you might have noticed, in your Speculation, certain *creatures* commonly yclept *male flirts* ; for (though it is no vindication of

my own sex) I believe there are as many, who feel as great a *penchant* for universal conquest and admiration, as is to be found in the ranks of femininity; and as the '*Lords of the Creation*' are eternally boasting their superiority over us poor Women, I think it no more than equitable, that we should sometimes retaliate, and make their own weapons recoil upon themselves. I am of opinion that a more ridiculous or despicable character cannot exist (if I may use the term) than a *Male Coquette*.—What *can* be more ridiculous, than to see a young man, with a tolerable share of personal accomplishments, devoting his time exclusively to the toilet, and hoping about like a popinjay, from one place of amusement to another, for the sole purpose of having himself admired by the Ladies! His vanity is so consummate, as to blind him to the general contempt he inspires, and his *self consequence* causes him to construe the sneer of disgust into the inviting smile of approbation.

Such *animals*, it is true, do no *harm*, they are perfectly inoffensive, and if any females of respectability suffer the officious attendance, it is only to

use them in the capacity of their footmen, or like the Sportsman does his water spaniel, to *fetch and carry*.—Another species are not only *despicable*, but in some respects dangerous: I mean those *universal heroes* who make *indirect* love to every female with whom they have the *honor* of becoming acquainted. They usually combine *mental* with *exteriour* attractions, and tho' as *vain* as the others, they are more guarded in displaying it. When a female is singled out for their experiments and amusement, they directly become all assiduity; every art is tried to please, and every plan contrived to entertain and gratify: they follow the object, as the shadow follows substance. The Church, the Theatre, the Ball-room, and social party, finds them attentive and *gallant* companions. Strangers begin to remark such conduct; acquaintances and relations already conceive that the parties are destined for each other: and the timed maid expects daily to hear the final question.—When lo! these male *jilts* fly off in a tangent, and if their friends inquire the reason: swear '*they are confounded*,' and '*It is a devilish good joke, that a spright-*

ly young fellow cannot pay his devoirs to a pretty girl, but the world must marry them !--- How can they help it if the girl is fool enough to be in love ? It is not their fault, but (poor thing) her misfortune. Such conduct is base in the extreme, for, allowing that the affections of the young lady are not engaged, her reputation will undoubtedly suffer, and receive a stain from the procedure ; for what man, who is vile enough to sport with female delicacy, but is sufficiently shameless to hint false and injurious things against her innocence ? That wretches of this description, ought to be entirely inhibited from the society of virtuous women, is the opinion of sir,

Your obed't. servant,
Lucritia.

Mr. Speculator,

During the few nights of Mr. Cookes' performance upon our boards, I made several attempts to hear that great actor perform : but to my chagrin, I found that the major part of the audience only went to see him. The first essay I made was on the first night of his appearance, when a friend politely accommodated me with a seat in his box,

where I supposed myself snugly fixed. When to my confusion, a number of black looking young men, entered the back of our seats, in the most tumultuous manner ; they were muffled up with scarcely any part of their faces visible, and their hands were charged with cudgles of the most enormous demensions. I at first mistook them for officers of justice in pursuit of some felon, until my friend kindly undeceived me, by saying that they were *Beaus* or *Bloods*, I forget which. The curtain rose, but here my descriptive powers fail me. I am certain a blind person would have thought himself at the building on the *Tower of Babel*. One of these polite young men, held a book, in which he read more audibly than the actors spoke, and the rest alternately continued to exclaim. '*By H---n what a gesture. D---n me what an eye. Who ever saw such a walk ? Look at that Girl, I say do you know her Jack ?--- I don-- dont know ; curse me if I can hardly see---lend me your glass---and demme I'll squint her.*--- *By the Lord that's wrong.* (vociferated the reading Gentleman) *He's left out a whole sentence. - - muggy I suppose as usual, ' Praythee*

hush Charles (retorted another) *you cannot read, you know you were most incontinently drunk, before you left Mrs. R——s.*

With discourse of this kind my ears were din'd; during greater part of the play, and while the last act was performing, a *Lady* from one of the boxes, kept up a continued fire of nut shells and the peeling of oranges, upon a man in the pit, to the manifest delight and edification of the audience! I was not more successful at any after representation, for what with the damning of door and box keepers, calling for music and songs out of time, squabbling with women of the town, and the drunken brawls of our young gentlemen of *taste and fortune*, I thought myself happy, if upon my return home, I could preserve in any manner, the connection of what I had seen. It is a *shame and disgrace* to our city, that those, who ought from their situations in life, to set examples of decorum, are among the first to trample upon decency, and hold *virtue and good manners* in defiance.

Yours, etc.

J. H.

*** Want of room, precludes the admission of Speculator XII this week.

A communication signed *Edward*, is received and shall be inserted next week.

'*Lauretta*,' is under consideration.

Several communications on file, and shall be attended to.

L.

LEVITY.

A French officer having killed another in a duel, was obliged to quit the service and his country. He retired to Berlin, where the French minister recommended him to the favour of the great Frederick. The officer was presented to him. The king enquired his reason for leaving the service of France. 'Sire,' replied the officer, 'I was one day in a coffee-house at Mentz, with several officers of the garrison; I had a dispute with one of my comrades, and said to him in the warmth of altercation, that he would not hearken to reason any more than a Swiss. A Swiss officer who happened to be present, took affront at the expression; he picked a German quarrel with me; we met, and I killed him.' 'It appears to me,' said Frederick, 'that you are not happy in proverbs.' The king, however, soon gave him a commission.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....
VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*' Mirth, I yield me to thy sway,
 Charm the canker care away.'*

The Hollanders keep their apartments religiously clean, and to prevent their being dirtied by the consequences of smoaking, sit round the room in a circle, and he who has occasion to spit,—spits into his neighbour's mouth, who passes it on to another, and he to a third, until it gets into the mouth of the man who sits next the door, who passes it out of the room.

A poor ignorant woman who seldom went to church, being there one day, the words the clergyman preached from were these: 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.'—When she came home her neighbours asked her what was the text? 'A dreadful text, indeed,' said she, '*Except we pay our rent we shall all be put out of the parish.*'

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any dan-

ger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night. The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured in his own family, but extremely facetious and entertaining when in company, was once the subject of conversation in a small party, where his wife was present. 'Indeed, Madam, (said a lady who addressed her,) I almost envy you your husband; so cheerful! so lively! so brilliant! he is quite the fiddle of every company he goes into.' 'Perhaps so, (replied the wife with a sigh) but when he comes home, he always hangs his fiddle up with his hat.'

A Field Preacher lately, in the course of enthusiastic rail-lery, exclaimed 'I see a thief, I'll throw my book at him!'—and lifted it up for that purpose, when behold! all his auditory immediately started back, and the preacher affirmed that they were all thieves.

While in Youth, make provision for Old Age.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, January 12, 1811.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time."*

Mr. Cooke, the inimitable tragedian, has arrived at Boston, where he is engaged to perform nine nights.

Extract of a letter to the editors of the Boston Palladium, dated Newburyport, Jan. 2.

'Mr. Titcomb, (merchant) arrived in town this day from Portland, where he came by water from Nova Scotia.—Spoke, Dec. 27, ship Hunter, bound to Nova Scotia, then twenty-seven days from Liverpool; informed that the *King was Dead!* that there had been a battle in Portugal, between the left wing of Massena's army and the combined army, in which 2000 of the French were killed, 450 English, and 200 Portuguese, including several English officers.—Mr. T. says the master of the Hunter, appeared to be an intelligent man.'

Bridgeport, Jan. 2.

Earthquake.—A single shock of an earthquake was felt in this borough, on Monday evening last, a few minutes past 6 o'clock. A loud rumbling noise was heard, and seven houses were sensibly perceived to shake, but no report distinguished.

EARTHQUAKE.

Extract of a letter, dated St. Michael, (Azores) Aug. 24.

One of those dreadful phenomena never witnessed in your country has plunged many here in unspeakable wretchedness and affliction, and continues to occasion great terror to all the inhabitants of this island.

On the 11th of August, at 10 P. M.

slight shocks of an earthquake were felt at intervals of a few minutes for 4 hours. During this time, the inhabitants, under the influence of alarm for their personal safety as well as property, were running to and fro in the greatest distress. Between 2 and 3 dreadful rockings was experienced throughout the whole island: several houses, unable to resist its violence, were thrown down, and many others greatly damaged, and such persons as sought safety in the open air were dashed to the ground.—Hitherto the calamity had been confined in its effects, and though great injury had been sustained, we had to congratulate ourselves on the loss of a few lives; but we were yet to witness a most dreadful spectacle.

On the 12th at mid-day, a hollow rumbling sound was heard, the clouds gathered, and the wind was hushed into silence: the rocking returned, and in a few minutes after, the village of Cozas, situated on a plain, comprising 22 houses, was swallowed up, and in the spot where it stood, a lake of boiling water gushed forth. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants, who had previously retired to the elevated ground, beheld the sight with a degree of horror and amazement which enchained all their faculties; their property was swept away in a few minutes, and in the place where their once rich gardens and flourishing orchards stood, nought now appeared but a vast expanse of water!—About 92 persons, it is calculated, have lost their lives by this awful and calamitous event, and cattle and property to a considerable amount destroyed. A great degree of alarm continues to pervade the whole island, as on the east side an orifice has been discovered resembling the crater of a volcano, and out of which flames occasionally burst through. Hitherto they have been unaccompanied by an ejection of volcanic matter.'

At a meeting of the Humane Society on the 7th of January, 1811; General Clarkson reported a donation of 20 dls. presented by 'a Lady' and one of 16 dolls. sent from No. 94, Pearl-street.

The visiting committee acknowledged the receipt of a cart load of vegetables from the Botanic Garden.

At a previous meeting Mr. Jas. Bleecker reported a donation of Jurors fees to the amount of 2 dolls. from a gentleman who wished his name not mentioned.

S. Vanden Heuvel, Sec'y.

The brig Hiram, Stockings, from the West Indies, to Hartford, with rum and salt, went ashore on the night of the 21st inst. on Watch Hill reef.—Vessel and cargo, (with the exception of 11 puns. rum) totally lost, crew saved.

The Spanish brig Minerva, 16 days from Havana, bound to Bristol, went ashore on Monday evening last about 7 o'clock, on Brenton's reef, near the entrance of this harbor, and in a few hours went to pieces. The supercargo, captain, mate, and 7 men were washed from the quater deck of the brig, on which they were endeavouring to reach the shore, and drowned. The remainder of the crew, consisting of the boatswain and 9 men, succeeded in reaching the shore on pieces of the wreck. The cargo of the Minerva consist of rum, wine, rice and 30 casks powder, which will be nearly all lost.

Melancholy occurrence. On Thursday evening, as Captain David M'Allister was returning from a friend's house, in company with his wife and some relatives, he unfortunately slipped near the church wall and fell on a post, which broke two of his ribs, and otherwise so materially injured him, that he expired in about 10 minutes after. Mr. M'Allister was a native of Scotland, but for many years resided in this place, where he was much esteemed by a numerous acquaintance, and was captain of one of the volunteer artillery companies of this borough. His remains were yesterday interred with military honors.

Norfolk paper.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Ogden, Mr. Charles C. Ogden, to Miss Anna Wade.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Robert Patton, esq. of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Tace W. Dixon, of this city.

On the 1st inst. at Mamaroneck, by the Rev. Mr. Haskill, James Cooper, esq. youngest son of the late Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, to Miss Susan Augusta Delancy, daughter of John P. Delancy, esq. of Mamaroneck.

On the 2d inst. at Yonkers, by the Rev. Mr. Casper, Mr. Abraham Dyckman, of New York, to Miss Peggy Honeywell, of the former place.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Smith, Capt. Jacob Cuenhoven, of Tarry Town, to Mrs. Martha Ross, of Greensburgh.

On Saturday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Henry Gahn, esq. Swedish Consul, to Miss Jane Ireland daughter of John Ireland, esq. of this city.

At Cedar Swamp, L. I. on Monday evening 31st ult. Mr. Benjamin F. Boyd, merchant of this city, to Miss Phebe Hopkins, daughter of Wm. Hopkins of the former place.

On the 29th ult. at the Pine Plains, by the Rev. Mr. Veeder, Jacob Van Ness, esq. counsellor at law, of Rhinebeck, to Miss Harriet Dibblee.

At Philadelphia, Mr. James Arrott, to Miss Turnbull, daughter of William Turnbull, esq.

At Fairfield, Con. on Thursday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Humphrys, Mr. Frederick Giraud, merchant of New York, to Miss Eunice Sayre, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Sayre, of the former place.

DIED.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Anderson, wife of Wm. Anderson.

On Tuesday morning last, at 6 o'clock, Miss Mary Wilson, daughter of Captain John Wilson, of this city. Perhaps a more amiable or better informed young lady never departed this life.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Eliza Sanford, wife of Nathan Sanford, esq.

At Brooklyn, on the 8th inst. Mr. William Wilson, aged 42 years, a native of Scotland, and a worthy member of Fortitude Lodge.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

Elegaic Lines on the death of a beloved
Wife.

By Lord Palmerstone.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling an-
guish brings,
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bris-
tol's springs,
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease
and pain,
Shall pour these salutary springs in
vain ;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint
reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sink-
ing eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps
of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the short-
ning breath ;
If chance should bring him to this art-
less line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs
were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my
breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose
beauty blest ;
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to
prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship
loye :

But, yet, rememb'ring that the parting
sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to
die ;
The starting tear I check'd—I kiss'd
the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her—but to
God.

THE

COTTER'S Saturday Night.

By Robert Burns.

Inscribed to R. A——, Esq.

(Continued.)

Belyve, the elder bairs come drappin in,
At service out amang the Farmers
roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-
grown.
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in
her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw
new gown ;
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in
hardship be.
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sis-
ters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly
spiers ;
The social hours, swift wing'd unnotic'd
fleet ;
Each tells the uncous that he sees or
hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years ;
Anticipation forward points the view ;
The Mother, wi' her needle and her
sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's
the new ;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due-

Their Master's and their Mistress's
command

The yonkers a' are warned to obey
And mind their labours wi an eydent
hand,

And ne'er, tho' out o'sight, to jauk
or play :

' And O ! be sure to fear the Lord al-
way !

And mind your *duty*, duely, morn an'
night !

Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,

Implore his counsel and assisting
might ;

They never saught in vain that saught
the Lord aright.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the
door,

Fenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
same,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the
moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her
hame,

The wily mother sees the conscious
flame

Sparkle in *Fenny's* e'e, and flush her
check,

With heart-struck anxious care, en-
quires his name,

While *Fenny* hafflins is afraid to
speak :

Well pleas'd the Mother heers, it's nae
wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome *Fenny* brings him
ben ;

A strappan youth ; he takes the
Mother's eye :

Blythe *Fenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The Father cracks o' horses, pleughs,
and kye.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows
wi' joy,

But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel
behave ;

The Mother, wi' a womans's wiles, can
spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu'
and sae grave ;

Wee pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respect-
ed like the lave.

(To be Con.)

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

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